



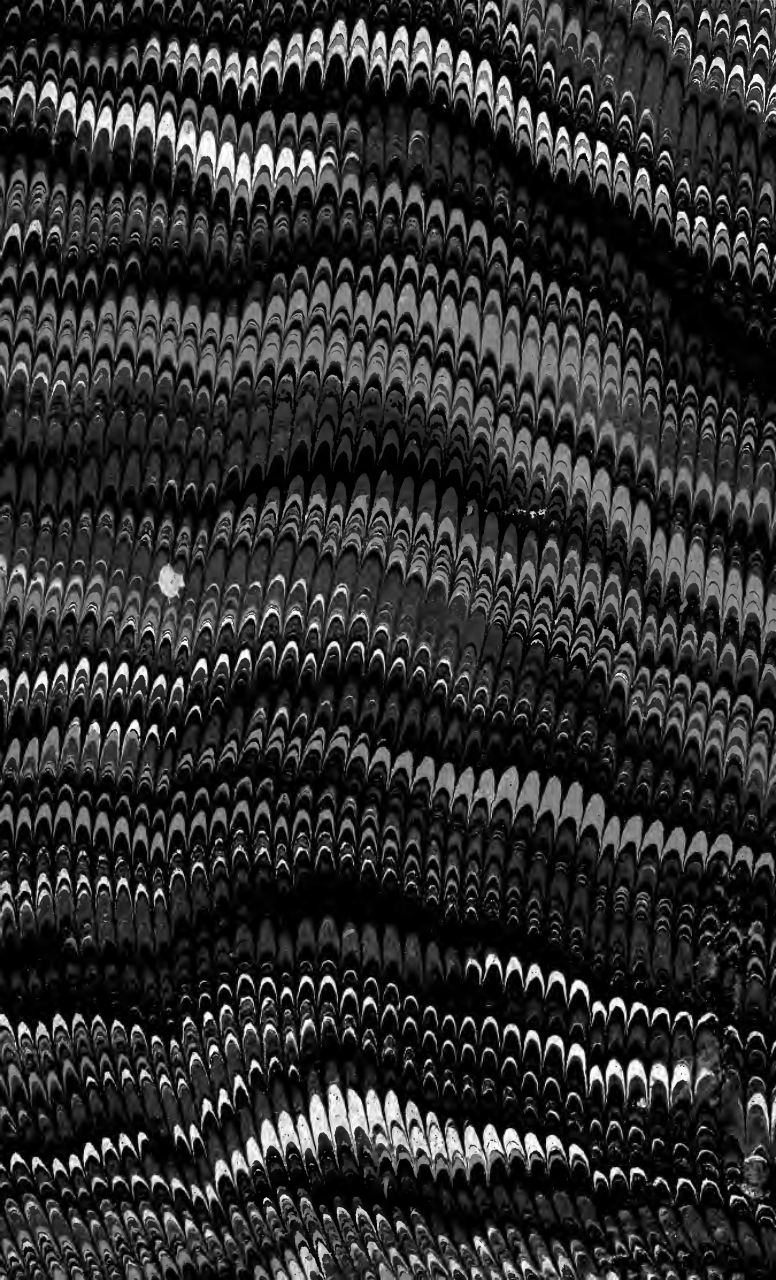
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA











My Life of Jesus.

— ◆ —
BY CALLENE FISK.
— ◆ —



TO BE SUNG WITH THE TUNE AND CHORUS OF THE
“OLD, OLD STORY.”

I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you.
Gal. 4: 19.

My heart is made a manger
For th' coming of the Lord ;
He's sweetly born within me,
Whom heavenly hosts adored.
The morning star above me
Now bids the darkness cease ;
The angel choirs are hailing
My glorious Prince of Peace.

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Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors ; and the king of glory shall come in.
Psa. 24 : 7.

The gates of guilt are lifted,
The King has entered in ;
He's bared his arm of mercy,
And snatched my soul from sin.
The manger by his glory,
The ark of God is made ;
With gems of joy and beauty,
Forevermore inlaid.

But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

2 Cor., 3 : 18.

Transfigured in my spirit,
I see my Lord alone ;
I'm on the mount with Jesus,
He makes the rocks a throne,
He dazzles me with glory,
I hear no other voice ;
I'll follow "Jesus only,"
In Him will I rejoice.

Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life, also, of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. *2 Cor., 4 : 10.*

I felt the awful darkness
Of a Saviour crucified ;
Like loving, weeping Mary,
I stood the cross beside.

My sins and guilt are hidden
Behind that cross of woe:
The fount the spear-wound opened
Has washed me white as snow.

Ye are risen with Christ through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead. If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. *Colos. 2, 12 and 3: 1.*

The Lord is ris'n within me,
I seek the things above ;
The seal of death is broken
By th' angel of his love.
My tomb is in a garden,
My heart forgets her tears ;
'Mid doubts he walks beside me,
My spirit burns her fears.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and when he who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory. *Job 19, 25 : and Colos. 3, 4.*

I know that my Redeemer
Still liveth deep within,
And, as he ever liveth,
I'll ever live with him.
Like him shall be my spirit,
And dwell in perfect bliss ;
My heaven shall be forever
To see him as he is.

The life of Jesus is made manifest in our mortal flesh, and
our life is hid with Christ in God.

2 Cor., 4, 11 : and Colos. 3, 3.

I love this life of Jesus,
Inscribed upon my heart;
With precious blood 'tis written,
No word shall e'er depart.
I feel a heavenly glory
That eye hath never seen,
And heaven my spirit touches,
For Jesus dwells within.

NOTE. — This may be used in churches, Sabbath School concerts, and prayer meetings, as a responsive service, singing the verses to the tune of Webb or Missionary Hymn, when the "Old, old Story" is not familiar.

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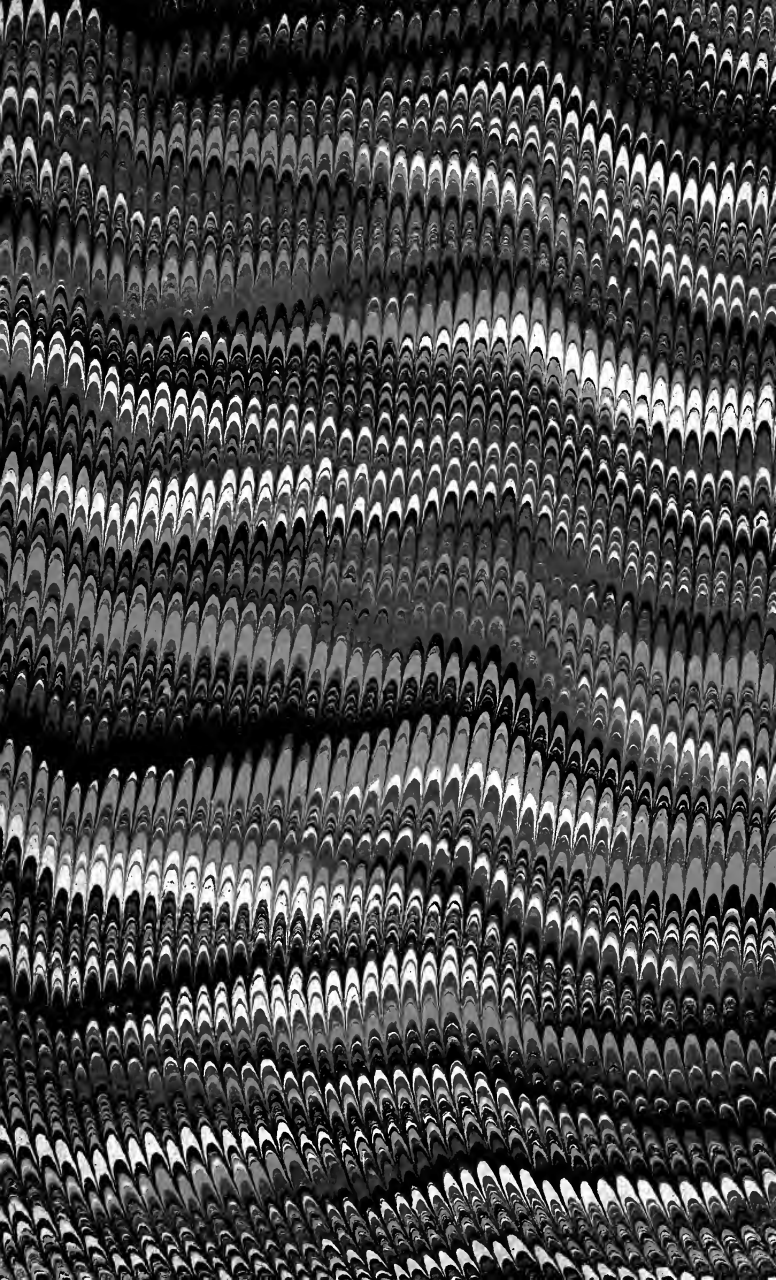












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